Making it light to *Cassio*: *Cassio*, I loue thee,
But neuer more be Officer of mine.
Looke if my gentle loue be not rais'd vp:
Enter Desdemona, *with others.*
I'le make thee an example.
Des. What's the matter?
Oth. All's well now sweeting:
Come away to bed: sir, for your hurts,
My selfe will be your surgeon; leade him off;
Iago, looke with care about the Towne,
And silence those, whom this vile braule distracted.
Come *Desdemona*, tis the Soldiers life,
To haue their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife,
Iag. What, are you hurt Leiutenant?
Exit Moore, Desdemona, *and attendants.*
Cas. I, past all surgery.
Iag. Mary Heauen forbid.
Cas. Reputation, reputation, oh I ha lost my reputation:
I ha lost the immortall part sir of my selfe,
And what remaines is bestiall, my reputation,
Iago, my reputation.
Iag. As I am an honest man, I thought you had receiu'd some bodily wound, there is more offence in that, then in Reputation: reputation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit, and lost without deseruing: You haue lost no reputation at all, vnlesse you repute your selfe such a loser; what man, there are wayes to recouer the Generall agen: you are but now cast in his moode, a punishment more in policie, then in malice, euen so, as one would beate his offenceless dogge, to affright an imperious Lyon: sue to him againe, and he's yours.
Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to deceiue so good a Commander, with so light, so drunken, and indiscreet an Officer. Drunke? and speake parrat? and squabble, swagger, sweare? and discourse fustian with ones owne shaddow? O thou inuisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let vs call thee Diuell.
Iag. What was he that you followed with your sword?
What had he done to you?
Cas. I know not.

Iag.

Iag. Is't possible?
Cas. I remember a masse of things, but noth
quarrell, but nothing wherefore. O that men sh
in their mouthes, to steale away their braines;
with ioy, reuell, pleasure, and applause, transfor
beastes.
Iag. Why, but you are now well enough: how
couered?
Cas. It hath pleas'd the deuill drunkennesse, to
deuill wrath; one vnperfectnesse, shewes me anot
frankely despise my selfe.
Iag. Come, you are too seuere a morraler; as th
the condition of this Countrey stands, I could heart
not so befalne; but since it is as it is, mend it, for you
Cas. I will aske him for my place againe, hee sh
drunkard: had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*, such a
stop em all; to be now a sensible man, by and by a fo
ly a beast: euery inordinate cuppe is vnblest, and th
a diuell.
Iag. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar
well vs'd; exclaime no more against it; and good Le
you thinke I loue you.
Cas. I haue well approou'd it sir,—I drunke?
Iag. You, or any man liuing may be drunke at
Ile tell you what you shall doe,——our Generals
Generall; I may say so in this respect, for that he has
uen vp himselfe to the contemplation, marke and de
parts and graces. Confesse your selfe freely to her,
shee'll helpe to put you in your place againe: she is so
so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice
not to doe more then she is requested. This broken
you and her husband, intreat her to splinter, and my fo
any lay, worth naming, this cracke of your loue shall
then t'was before.
Cas. You aduise me well.
Iag. I protest in the sincerity of loue and honest ki
Cas. I thinke it freely, and betimes in the morni
seech the vertuous *Desdemona*, to vndertake for me; I